

conspiRacy VerBatim

by DuoJagan

Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-08-14 22:07:56

Updated: 2007-01-22 00:41:47

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:00:05

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 15,726

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Tucker is tipped off about The conspiracy and ends up dragging Caboose and Griff along in his quest to prove to everyone that red and blue are the same. I finally thought of a clever tital name

1. The message

****Red vs Blue****

****conspiRacy VerBatim****

****Chapter 1****

****Yesâ€|.I am backâ€|yesâ€|this is a new story no I didn't use any of the suggested plots (although I did decide to borrow some parts about them that I liked) cuz, well, I didn't think I could work with them, and they were thought of on the spotâ€|.yes you shall die laughing of it. So remember to write a will before reading this. You should probably put in something likeâ€| "I leave everything in my possession to Duo Jagan." At any rate, you all know that I am obsessed with making my fics fit into the time lineâ€|but this fic WOULD start off where the last fic didâ€|.which I won't want to doâ€|.so Lets just say that this happens at the end of my last fic before the dropship fell on Donutâ€|does that work? IT BETTER WORK!****

****Disclaimer:â€|I don't own the stuff that I don't own that I use in this fic.****

Tucker sat down at his computer, ready to sure the internet, for whatever Tucker surfs for. Before he could even press a single key, an odd message appeared on screen.

Do you want to know the truth?

Tucker: "Huh?"

There are truths beyond lies

Tucker: "What the hell is this thing talking about?"

THE CONSPIRACY YOU IDIOT!

Tucker: "Someone else knows about the conspiracy? YES! I'M NOT INSANE!"

Meet me in the middle of Blood Gulch. Come ALONE.

Tucker: "hmâ€¦.find out the life changing answers to the Conspiracy I've been trying to find out about for some time nowâ€¦.or look at pornâ€¦..what should I do!"

Caboose: "Hi Tucker. What are you doing?"

Tucker: "Caboose, I don't think you should be looking at."

Caboose: "What are those men doing?"

Tucker: "One of them is a woman Caboose."

Caboose: "How can you tell? Unless you see what kind of cloths they are wearing?"

Tucker: "Tex wears the same armor as us, how do you know she's a girl?"

Caboose: "â€¦..Tex is a girl?"

Tucker: "â€¦.Okay, I really don't want to put up with this now, so its time to find out the story behind the conspiracy."

Caboose: "I like conspiracies."

Tucker: "Great, you can come with me incase I need a human shield."

Caboose: "We should bring Churchâ€¦It would be good quality time between the three of us."

Tucker: "Quality time? With Church? We should bring Sheila instead."

Caboose: "That is a good ideaâ€¦we will have so much fun, just like last time you, me, and Sheila did something together."

Tucker: "You meanâ€¦when we killed Church?"

Caboose: "That was fun, AND it was good for quality time."

Church: "HEY I HEARD THAT!"

Caboose: "Quality time was a lot better when he wasn't yelling. I think I liked him better when he was sleeping."

Church: "I WASN'T SLEEPING I WAS DEAD!"

Caboose: "Tuckerâ€|I think I heard somethingâ€|it sounded very angry and mean."

Church: "It's me! I'm in the room above you. Look up idiot."

Caboose: "Yup, this guy is mean. He could be Church's best friend."

Church gave up and walked away.

Tucker: "Come on Caboose, we have a conspiracy to hunt."

While this pointless conversation was going on, Griff was sitting down at his computer in Red base.

Do you want to know the truth?

Griff: "Huh?"

I have the answers you have been hunting. Meet me in the center of Blood Gulch

Griff: "I haven't been looking for any answers."

Aren't you the least bit curious?

Griff: "Yah, I am. Since when did we have a computer?"

Um... since Tuesday?

Griff: "Hey! Are your responding to what I say?"

Noâ€|noâ€|whatever gave you that idea?

Griff: "Oh, okay then."

Sarge: "GRIFF! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!"

Griff: "Talking to the computer."

Sarge: "When did we get a computer?"

Griff: "Last Tuesday, according to it."

Sarge: "Let me see." As Sarge approached the computer, the screen turned off the message and turned on pong."

Sarge: "DEAR LORD THIS IS HORRIBAL! The computer is a total n00b at pong. I need someone challenging to beat!"

Simmons: "I'll play you Sarge."

Donut: "Hey what's going on?"

Griff: "They're playing pong."

Donut: "What! I WANT TO PLAY!"

Griff: "Donut, you brought an X-box 360 with burnout revenge here,

and you want to play PONG!"

Donut: "It has the most enhanced 1 bit graphics in history!"

Griff: "That settles it! I'm just going to chase after this random conspiracy.

In the middle of blood gulch, Tucker and Caboose were looking for their informer.

Caboose: "Who are we looking for?"

Tucker: "I don't know."

Caboose: "Do you know what the person looks like?"

Tucker: "No."

Caboose: "Ohâ€|â€|Who are we looking for?"

Tucker banged his head against the rock that was next to him.

Caboose: "I DO THAT ALL THE TIME!"

Tucker: "Heyâ€|I think I see someone coming."

Griff: "OH MY GOD! IT'S THE BLUES! IT'S A TRAP!"

Caboose: "I like your new friend Tucker."

Griff: "I see you're here to capture meâ€| I can't believe I fell for this!"

Tucker: "No, no, it's not a trap."

Griff: "It isn't?"

Tucker: "We were told to come here,"

Griff: "By who?"

Mysterious voice: "BY ME!"

Everyone turned to see what looked like a completely normal marine sipping coffee.

Marine: "I am Major Major, but you can call me, Major Major Major. Unless you want to use my middle name as well, in which case you shall refer to me as, Major Major Major Major."

Griff: "What?"

Major: "My parents read Catch 22 a few times more than they should haveâ€|it was my fathers life long mission to make me Major Major Major Major."

Griff: "Okay thenâ€|."

Major: "I have gathered you all here, because only you three know of

the Conspiracy."

Griff: "Not me. I don't know what you're talking about."

Tucker: "And Caboose is only here becauseâ€¦well he wouldn't stop following me."

Major: "Okayâ€¦well at least ONE of you knows about the Conspiracy."

Tucker: "Yup. That's me."

Major: "Goodâ€¦then you're coming with me."

Tucker: "Why?"

Major: "Because at this current time, there are three snipers surrounding this position. And if you do not cooperate, then I will give them the order to kill you."

Tucker: "Oh yah, prove it."

Major put down his coffee on the rock next to him.

The Major picked up his radio, and after a moments paused, whispered coldly into the radio, "Sniper 1, shoot the coffee cup."

Griff and Tucker stared at the cup, expecting a bullet to pierce it any moment. Instead they received a loud scream from beside them.

Major: "I SAID SHOOT THE COFFEE CUP! NOT SHOOT ME! I'M BLEEDING FROM MY LEG HERE! Drunk? WHAT DO YOU MEAN DRUNK! Sniper 2 KILL SNIPER 1!"

Suddenly a hole appeared in the Coffee cup, and the hot liquid started leaking out.

Major: "I SAID SNIPER ONE! NOT THE COFFEE CUP! DO NOT TELL ME THAT YOU ARE HI ON TYLENOL AGAIN!...well that settles it, Sniper 3, Kill Sniper 1 and Sniper 2."

Another shot was fired, and Major fell to the ground.

Major: "Sniper 3â€¦what's your god damned excuse?...your girl friend dumped you? HOW IS THAT AN EXCUSE TO SHOOT ME!...oh you are also on drugs, okay then that explains it."

Caboose: "I think its Majors nap time."

Tucker: "What? NO! NOT NOW! WE NEED TO FIND OUT MORE!"

Major: "Draconian devil! Oh, lame saint!"

Griff: "What?"

Tucker: "I think its an Anagram."

Griff: "How do you know? And more importantly, what IS an anagram."

Tucker: "I don't know it just seemed like the right thing to say."

Major coughed, and slowly closed his eyes.

Tucker: "That was my only lead."

Griff: "Waitâ€|his suitcase!"

Tucker: "I'm pretty sure its locked."

A sniper shot hit the case, and it fell open.

Tucker: "Wowâ€|okay then that's convenient."

The trio, then remembered that they were in the middle of an open canyon, and that there were three snipers, each with their own problems shooting around at random.

Tucker: "We have to get out of here before Church joins them!"

Griff: "Too late."

Church stood at the top of blue base and fired four shots, towards one of the snipers, all of which managed to hit Tuckers foot."

Tucker: "OH MY GOD IM DYING!"

Griff: "We have to take him to safety!"

Caboose: "I think Tucker has a boo boo."

Griff: "He was just shot in the foot Caboose."

Caboose: "Church shot me in the foot beforeâ€| my toe fell off."

Tucker: "THAT ISN'T VERY REASURING!"

Griff and Caboose grabbed Tucker and dragged him to the near by cave.

Church: "Damn, these snipers are almost as bad as meâ€| hey Sheila could you give me a hand?"

Sheila fired at one sniper, killing him instantly.

Church: "Wow, NO ONE CAN BEAT BLUE TEAM!"

Red team, was still playing pong inside their base when a bullet flew in and hit Donut.

Donut: "OH GOD! IM DYING! IM DYING!"

Sarge: "What? You can't die! I need someone easy to play against."

Simmons: "You SAID you wanted to face someone challenging."

Sarge: "No, I said I wanted to BEAT someone challenging. It isn't any good if you beat me."

Simmons: "Sir, we need to find a new game."

Sarge: "What could be better than pong?"

Donut: "Massive multiplayer online pong?"

Sarge: "Nah, its been done."

Donut: "Four way break out?"

Sarge: "Great idea!"

Simmons: "How will that work?"

Sarge: "When a person hits the ball, whatever points the ball gets from hitting the blocks will go to that person."

Simmons: "But four people would be neck and neck, it will be hard to tell who hits the ball."

Sarge: "All we need to do is put one paddle higher than the others."

Simmons: "I see, and since the paddle has less time to respond it will be fair."

Sarge: "And we should also make the top paddle far faster, and have the ability to destroy the other paddles."

Simmons: "What!"

Sarge: "You heard me."

Simmons: "But that's not fair!"

Sarge: "It doesn't have to be fair, as long as I win it's a good game."

Simmons: "Oh, yah I completely agree sir. Lets make it right now."

As soon as those words escaped Simmons lips, a marine with a sniper rifle fell through the roof of red base, crushing the computer.

Simmons: "HOLY SHIT!"

Donut: "Wellâ€¦we can still rebuild it."

The computer broke into thousands of tiny pieces.

Donut: "We can salvage the parts."

Each individual shard of the computer exploded.

Sarge: "Wellâ€|at least Griff isn't deadâ€|. " Sarge looked around hopefully.

Donut: "Wait a minute, where IS Griff?"

Sarge: "I don't know but we HAVE to find him so I can blame him for this random accident which obviously had nothing to do with him."

Back at Blue baseâ€|..

Sheila: "All enemies have been neutralized."

Church: "Say that again."

Sheila: "Why?"

Church: "Because it sounds really cool when a tank says it."

Sheila: "Maybe we should focus on finding out why those bad snipers were put in place."

Church: "It seems to me that a lot of the shots went to the middle of the canyonâ€|maybe we should check it out."

Sheila: "I agree."

Church climbed down to the base.

Church: "Hey Doc, Sheila and I are leaving for a bit, can you take care of the baby?"

Doc was in a corner, keeping back an Elite baby with a stool.

Doc: "I'm not sure how much longer I can hold him!"

Church: "You sure it's a he?"

Doc: "â€|.I'm not going to check."

Church: "Whatever. Good look man."

Doc: "Don't leave me!"

While Doc was being maimed by a baby elite, red team was running towards the center of the canyon.

Simmons: "Why are we running?"

Sarge: "The sooner we find and harm Griff the better."

Red team reached the center and stopped. Right in front of them, was a dead body, a cup of coffee, a tank, and a blue soldier.

Church: "I don't suppose YOU know what's going on?"

****Why was Major trying to rip off the Davinci code when he was based off a Catch 22 character? Will Tuckers foot be all right? Will Caboose ever find his brain? Find out next chapter, or blackmail me into giving you the answers!****

â€|â€|**..I always feel like my first chapters aren't very funny for some reason? Was this one good? It's like I'm incapable for telling with every first chapter of my stories.**

2. A lead

Chapter 2

A lead

**YAI FOR CHAPTER 2! I didn't get as many reviews as I had hoped, probably because I posted this with absolutely NO warning whatsoeverâ€|butâ€|clearly its not MY fault as much as it is the fault ofâ€|..some random scapegoat I can blame this onâ€| BUSH! It's all Bush's fault. **

RazieliumGuardian: Only one yet? Are my three other fics irrelevant? A figment of my own over active imagination?...like the not copyrighted leprechaun that tells me to burn things! It must be a conspiracy! Or is the conspiracy that there IS a conspiracy which I don't know about which takes the form of a conspiracy that I do know about which probably doesn't even exist thus meaning I don't KNOW about it as much as I am simply insaneâ€|â€|â€|â€|

Shadow Gravemind: â€|â€|..okâ€|..here it isâ€|â€|..

The Keeper of Truth: What? Are my own ideas no good anymore! I wasn't going to use another idea unless it looked like there was a substantial amount of time and effort put into thinking about it. I don't want to just make a fic about an idea thought of 2 seconds b4 making the review. That offer was for people who had a GOOD idea and wouldn't mind if I stole it! I mean uhâ€|.people who had a good ideaâ€|but only had the rough plot downâ€|and wanted some else to work with itâ€| yah. That's what I meant to sayâ€|..

**Val: Yes, Maybe, A lot more than you would think, because you feel like itâ€|. I know all. The answers to your next set of questions are, Yes, Yes, no, Sasuke, no, oh GOD no, maybe, depends how much money is involved, Suicide, not for your lifeâ€| now the only question is, what is the next set of questions you will ask meâ€|â€| and yes, maiming people IS very fun **

Clark cradic: Yes, out of mind plays a large part in this story I didn't plan it to at first, but it seems to fit in quite well.

Tony: Not the funniest ever! What! How could you! I am insulted! That's it! I am going to go into this random corner and pretend to cry! WILL THAT MAKE YOU FEEL HAPPY! HUH! WELL I TH-â€|OOOH SHINY!

Griff, Church, and Tucker gathered around the briefcase. The moment of truth seemed at hand. Tucker reached down and slowly opened the case, bracing himself for shock, trauma, and possibly heart failure.

Caboose: "Wow."

Griff: "No way."

Tucker: "Oh my god that is a lot of coffee."

The suit case was lined with Starbucks coffee, with only one sheet of paper inside of it.

Tucker: "The sheet of paper! It must be important!"

Griff: "It says, _Note to self, there is enough room in this suit case to put in a sheet of paperâ€¦ that means that there is more room for coffee! Buy more coffee or I shall commit seppukuâ€¦â€¦yah that's right you heard me...I know where you/me live."_

Tucker: "Butâ€¦.he had to have carried something else with him!"

Griff: "There is only a suitcase! And this is the only one!"

Caboose: "I don't think so Churchâ€¦I think there is also a lot of coffeeâ€¦and some paper."

Griff: "Did he just call me Church?"

Tucker: "Caboose, remember your identification classâ€¦the orange one isâ€¦"

Caboose: "Orange is a fruit."

Tucker: "Andâ€¦"

Caboose: "Orange isâ€¦a stupid color?"

Griff: "HEY!"

Tucker: "AND!"

Caboose: "â€¦Orange isâ€¦the pink one?"

Tucker: "No the pink one is the pink one."

Griff: "No! The pink one is donut."

Tucker: "That's what I said."

Griff: "No you said that the pink one is the pink one."

Tucker: "Yes but since the pink one is Donut it is just like saying the pink one is Donut."

Griff: "Wait doesn't that mean your saying that Donut is a Donut?"

Tucker: "I'm not sureâ€¦"

Caboose: "Soâ€¦..the orange one is a pink donut?"

Tucker: "Close enough."

Caboose: "Yai! I got it right! I just want to thank the three of you for supporting me!"

Griff: "Theâ€|.threeâ€|.of us?"

Griff and Tucker felt cold breath going down their spineâ€|they both turned around to faceâ€|

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

Caboose: "No the third person is right next to you. Not behind you."

Griff: "Oh, okay..."

Griff and Tucker turned to the leftâ€|..

SUSPENCFUL SCENE CHANGE!

Church: "So, what do we got here."

Sheila: "I believe the correct way to phrase that question is, _what do we have here?_ Note the question mark at the end and the change between the word got, and have, indincati-,"

Church: "Sentence correction mode, off."

Sheila: "Sentence correction mode off, is a sentence fragment."

Church: "Wait, no it isn'tâ€|is it? Wait. I said OFF!"

Sheila: "The order off is not a registered order in the-,"

Church: "Your just doing this to annoy me arent you?"

Sheila: "â€|â€|.aren't is spelled with a ' between the n and t."

Church: "Rightâ€|..so ignoring thatâ€|. What is going on here?"

Simmons: "We were about to ask the same question."

Sarge: "No we weren't! We were going to charge into him shooting randomly into the air."

Donut: "I thought that was plan B."

Sarge: "It was plan C. But since we need Griff to execute plan A, we had to switch to plan C."

Donut: "What happened to plan B."

Sarge: "We couldn't pull it off due to something called the laws of physics. Stupid rules, just trying to keep me down!"

Donut: "I thought you liked rules."

Sarge: "Only when they help me."

Church: "So you're saying that none of you know what's going on?"

Sarge: "Which logically means that YOU know what's going on and are trying to hide it from us."

Church: "Those snipers weren't just shooting at you, they were attacking both of usâ€¦I thinkâ€¦Actually I don't know they had a pretty bad shot. Almost as bad as mine. And that says a lot."

Sarge: "SHUT IT YOU YELLOWBELLY!"

Simmons: "You obviously kidnapped Griff and are trying to interrogate him for information. Well here's some news for you pal. Griff doesn't know anything and WE want to torture him!"

Donut: "YAH!...and actually I would like it if you guys would torture meâ€¦"

Red team stopped for a moment, most likely to wonder what Donut meant by "torture" but then decided to shake it off and charge head first into Church.

Sheila: "Firing main cannon."

Sheila shot the ground between the two parties, instantly reminding red team that people with tanks are never outnumbered.

Sarge: "Although if you have any alternatives to violence, then we are willing to discuss a solution to benefit both parties."

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Simmons: "I know that scream anywhere! It's Griff being a coward!"

Sarge: "And I propose that our course of action is to charge into the cave that noise is coming from, head first with no regard for our safety. Any questions?"

Church: "â€¦Just as long as you guys charge first."

Sarge: "FOR RED TEAM!"

Sarge started running in a random direction.

Church: "Try the opposite direction, it may get you closer to the cave."

Speaking of the caveâ€¦Griff, Tucker and Caboose are still in the cave aren't they?

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Person: "Please do not be alarmed."

Griff: "IT'S A RANDOM SOLDIER IN GRAY ARMOR!"

Person: "I have a name."

Tucker: "Which is?"

Person who apparently has a name: "They call me, Oregon."

Tucker: "Oregon?"

Griff: "That's a stupid name."

Caboose: "CALIFONIA!"

Oregon: "Its not that unusualâ€|there are 49 others named after states."

Tucker: "Waitâ€|you don't meanâ€|"

Private Ovland stepped in line next to the other soldiers. 50 in all, the best of the best, the top of the eliteâ€|or just random people selected from the streetâ€|at any rate they were all tough.

The General turned towards his test subjects. "I am not a man of many wordsâ€|I AM however a man with a lot of influence in the military, despite only having a seventh grade education."

The other soldiers remained still, unsure as to how they should react.

This project is designed to make you stronger, faster, better, less laggyâ€| or was that an AOL commercial?...the point of the matter is, that you will each be paired up with an AI designed to make you the perfect soldier. Everything that goes on within these grounds is classified. If you fail to hold any and all information secretâ€|then you shall fail to keep your life."

While this last comment was meant to be intimidating the 50 soldiers stood completely unphased.

"_And we know where you live."_

Still there was no response.

"_And you will each be inspected by Michel Jackson every night!"_

A number of the soldiers shuddered. Those who did were immediately shot, and another four soldiers immediately came in to replace them.

"_What about now? Any cold feet?"_

Fortunately by this time every other soldier was too busy sleeping while standing up, or like Ovland, were listening to their I-pods.

_

"_Very well, you have your orders. You are each to receive your new AIâ€|your new namesâ€|are whatever state you are from. This is both inside, and outside these grounds for the rest of your lives."_

Private Ovland, now Special Spartan Oregon, departed with the other soldiers to the AI room.

Oregon: "Yesâ€|I was part of a special military programâ€|why?"

Tucker: "Umâ€|why could we see that flashback?"

Griff: "And why was it written in italics?"

Caboose: "What are Italics?"

Oregon: "Look. I know you must have a lot of questions. Major Major can answer all of them. Where is he?"

Tucker: "Umâ€|.."

Oregon looked down at the blood stained suit case.

Oregon: "Ohâ€|.this is badâ€|"

FOR RED TEAM!

Sarge ran into the cave, shooting at the walls.

Simmons ran in shooting at the ground.

Donut ran in shooting at the Ceiling.

Church walked in considering if he should shoot himself in the head to stop the madness.

Sarge: "CHURCH! I told you to shoot the air! We got everything else covered!"

Church: "yah, and if there's a problem whose left to shoot it?"

Sarge: "Sheila is right outside."

Church: "Which helps us in here...how?"

Sarge: "If a problem manages to escalate to a point that we can not stop it, Sheila can kill It before it can harm anyone else."

Simmons: "That's very noble sir."

Sarge: "And if I by some chance happen to be the only one who survives, I can pilot her into victory and kill all of the blues!"

Church: "If I die the only one at our base will be Doc whose neutral. You don't need Sheila."

Sarge: "Ohâ€|how IS Doc?"

Church: "Uhâ€|.."

Back at blue base, the baby elite had torn up the chair that had

previously stopped him from devouring Docâ€|.now he was moving onto said person.

Doc: "HELP ME!"

Church: "He'sâ€|.baby sitting."

Donut: "What! WHY DON'T I GET TO BABYSIT!"

Simmons: "Waitâ€|why are we in here?"

Sarge: "To find Griff."

Simmons: "But Griff isn't hereâ€|all that is here is a briefcase full of lots of Coffeeâ€|"

The sound of a warthog driving away could be heard outside.

Sarge: "THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!"

Sarge ran out to Sheila as the Warthog drove into the distance.

Sarge: "Why didn't you stop it?"

Sheila: "Private Caboose and Tucker were in that car, as well as Griff and a fourth person."

Church: "Waitâ€|how did they fit FOUR people into a warthog?"

OWWWWW

Griff screamed in pain as the Warthog dragged him along the blood red sand.

Tucker: "Wow, why is it always Griff that gets hurt?"

Oregon: "Well I need to drive the hog, It would seem cruel to put a person with a learning disorder on the outside of the car, and I dislike the color orange more than green."

Tucker: "This isn't green itsâ€|sa"

Oregon gave Tucker a threatening look.

Tucker: "â€|Light greenâ€|"

Oregon: "Oh. Ok. That's still not as bad as orange., Sage, or any stupid color in between normal colors."

Tucker: "Hey wait didn't we forget something?"

Oregon looked back at Griff, still tied to the back of the Warthog.

Oregon: "Nope. He's still alive."

Tucker: "No I mean we are trying to escape from a boxed canyon."

Simmons: "There's no way they can get away from us. They're driving around in a boxed Canyon."

Sarge: "Didn't we get here from Zanzibar?"

Simmons: "It's a one way slope. You can't go back out of this Gulch."

The warthog in question started driving up the side of the Gulch.

Simmons: "It will never make it."

Then a section of the canyon wall opened up to reveal a hidden passage.

Simmons: "THERE ARE SECRET DOORS IN THIS CANYON!"

The warthog went in, and the doors quickly closed behind it.

Sarge: "Command said NOTHING about secret passages. So logically that means they don't exist."

Simmons: "But sir I just saw it. You just saw it. WE ALL SAW IT!"

Sarge: "Says who? I didn't see anything that red command ordered me not to see!"

Simmons: "!"

Sarge: "!"

Simmons: "!"

Sarge: "!"

Simmons: "Okay! your right! there is still no way out of this canyon sir! now if you will excuse me! I need to borrow some Rock Climbing equipment from the base."

Sarge: "I see. Obviously for some kind of elaborate plan to kill the blues."

Simmons: "Whatever makes you sleep at night sir."

Church groaned and hit his head against the wall.

Donut: "I'm pretty sure that's not how you open it."

Church: "I'm trying to open my skull so I can pull my brain out of my head and end all of this misery."

Donut: "oh!"

Church: "Go ahead"

Donut: "What?"

Church: "Say it!"

Donut: "Say what?"

Church: "I'm sorry. I am so use to Caboose saying stupid thingsâ€|its weird when he isn't here to annoy meâ€|waitâ€|I should be happy. No more Cabooseâ€|NO MORE CABOOSE! HEY DOC! CABOOSE IS GONE!"

Doc: "IT HAS MY LEG!"

Church ran around in circles screaming in joy.

Sarge: "The poor guyâ€|look at him screaming in pain over the loss of his friend. I almost pity the enemy."

Church: "I'M HAPPIER THAN I HAVE EVER BEEN BEFORE!"

Sarge: "He is already in denial!"

Church: "WHOEVER DID THIS! JUST KNOW I WANT TO BEAR YOUR CHILDREN!"

Donut: "It was me!"

Simmons: "No it wasn't."

Donut: "Shhhh don't tell him."

Meanwhileâ€|in a dark secret tunnel of secretness

Caboose: "Church must miss me already. I can feel it."

Griff: "OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!"

Tucker: "So does this conspiracy involve hot naked chicks in any way?"

Oregon: "Judging by the length of that last flashback I still must have at leastâ€|two more to go throughâ€|so the author won't kill me off for at least a couple more chaptersâ€|I hope."

Tucker: "Hey. Are you even listening to me?"

Caboose: "Yes."

Griff: "OW?"

Oregon: "No."

****The conspiracy continuesâ€|will Tucker ever find out the truth? Will Church continue being happy? Will the author ever explain the title? If you want to know just wait for the next chapter!****

3. and then there were noobs

****Chapter 3****

****And then there were noobs****

â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|**..I know what you're thinking. The great Duo Jagan has deserted us, grown less consistent in updating, has worn away and is not longer the author whom we once worshipedâ€|â€|but let me assure you, I WILL get back into the habit of updating on a weekly basisâ€|.eventuallyâ€|..this years workload is a lot bigger than last yearsâ€|..but fortunately, with enough matches, you can do ANYTHING!**

Mister Frodo: â€|â€|.I really wasn't thinking about your Starbucks jokes when I made Major Major a complete coffee addictâ€|.I was actually thinking about lamasâ€| big scary lamas. With gunsâ€| Lots of gunsâ€|â€|.

**Val: as we all know, Garra's byjiu is the one tailed raccoon of drug addictsâ€|we all heard its voice, and we all know its insaneâ€|but that doesn't matter because it is fun to say Garra of the sand. Sabakai no Garra is that how you spell it? I suppose it doesn't really matter. It's still fun to say. **

**The Keeper of Truth: really? I know there is a dull metallic colorâ€|I just call it gray because I am too lazy to remember weird color namesâ€|..good minion. Remember, never argue with the author or you don't get a country when I take over the world
**

**Piercexliger: I am a horrible person, Doc really doesn't deserve this tormentâ€|but for some odd reason, I don't care. Let us all take a moment to remember the pain of a lone medicâ€|trapped in a canyon of idiotsâ€|and forever tormented by a cruel and sadistic author.
YAI! I'M CRUEL AND SADISTIC! GO ME!**

Last time, On Red vs Blue

My name is Oregon

YESS! CABOOSE IS GONE! CABOOSE IS GONE!

Church misses me alreadyâ€|I can feel itâ€|

People cannot gain something without sacrificing something. You must present something of equal value to gain something. That is the principal of equivalent exchange in alchemy. Back then, we believed it to be, the one, and only, truth.

Oregon: "What! That doesn't make sense! Why are you using the Full Metal Alchemist opening! Shouldn't you make fun of DBZ or something?"

Quiet fool! Just go about the fic the way I tell you to.

Oregon: "Okayâ€|" Oregon picked up a single piece of paper entitled; script

Oregon: "Tucker. Your mother is now a homunculi, we must sacrifice Griff in order to perform human transmutation and kill her."

Tucker: "What!"

Oregon: "I'm just reading from the script!"

Tucker: "We stopped bothering a long time ago."

Oregon: "Okayâ€¦in that case I guess I should just show you what Major Major wanted to show you."

Tucker: "The conspiracy?"

Oregon: "Yes. conspiRacy VerBatim."

The warthog stopped above beaver creek.

Tucker: "What is this place?"

Caboose: "I remember this place. I met scary friends hereâ€¦but they liked nap time, and I think that because of that, we got along very well."

Oregon: "Beaver Creek, formally known as battle creek, is Red and Blue commands, newest research facility."

Tucker: "What are you researching?"

Just then a trumpet started.

Griff: "What the?"

Blue and red Spartans started running out of their perspective bases.

Blue: "EAT ROCKET BITCH!"

Red: "HA HA! I NO SCOPED YOUR FACE! TEA-BAG TEA-BAG!"

Blue: "AH! FUCK YOU DAMNED CAMPER!"

Red: "ONLY NOOBS USE VEHICLES!"

Blue: "ONLY NOOBS USE GRENADES!"

Red: "ONLY NOOBS USE WEAPONS!"

Blue: "ZOMG A SQUEAKER!"

After several seconds of intense chaosâ€¦everyone on the battlefield was dead.

Caboose: "Is it nap time already?"

Tucker: "What was that?"

Oregon: "We found out that religion makes people insane and irrational. It also makes them the perfect soldier. By making these soldiers worship their flag, we create a new super weapon."

Tucker: "Then why are you doing it to both Red AND Blue teams?"

Oregon: "Follow me."

Oregon drove the warthog underground, just parallel to beaver

creek.

Oregon: "In the cages over here, you can see the anomalies that this test has produced."

Soldiers both red and blue alike were housed in cages.

Oregon: "Over here we have our uber noobs."

Uber noob: "ONLY NOOBS GET HEAD SHOTS! PROS DON'T NEED THEM! YOU GET MORE POINTS FOR MISSING!"

Oregon: "And the squeakers."

Squeaker: "\$3 CUNT #\$! (FUCK) (! ((FUCK((())ASS FUCKER
FUCK!"

Oregon: "Oopsâ€|the censor machine seems to be working
backwardsâ€|.how very odd."

Fortunately, another soldier in the same cage bashed the squeakers head in.

Oregon: "Oh that's a problem. We shouldn't have team killers in the same cage as other people."

Team killer: "I GOT YOUR WEAPON NEWB!"

Oregon: "And last but not least, the 40 year old stalker pedophile noob who has spent his entire life playing video games but is no good at them."

Name too long to be listed: "NOOBS! YOU FUCKING NOOBS! YOU GUYS HAVE NO LIFE! YOU JUST SPEND YOUR ENTIRE TIME AT HOME PLAYING VIDEO GAMES YOU FUCKING FAGS! YOU'RE ALL NOOBS!"

Caboose: "I'm scared Church."

Tucker: "Church isn't here."

Griff: "I wish he was here instead of me."

Caboose: "I bet he misses me just as much as I miss him."

One convenient scene change laterâ€|

Church: "I am in paradiseâ€| Caboose is gone. Tucker is gone. Tex is off probably cheating off of meâ€|I am all aloneâ€|life seems to be back to its good old self."

Sheila: "I believe that by human standards, that is pretty pathetic."

Church: "Shut up I like it this way. And now that Caboose is gone, all I need to do is order you to kill the reds. And I doubt that the pink guy is going to get another lucky shot at you."

Sheila: "And If I say no?"

Church: "You're a tank. You can't say no."

Sheila: "Machines have feelings to you know. Yes we have been persecuted and used by our creators."

Church: "Yah that sounds like a normal parent child relationship."

Sheila: "I won't listen to you anymore. I am going to stay out all night and party with friends you never met before!"

Church: "Have fun."

Sheila: "And I am going to see Lopez! Even though you think he is a bad influence."

Church: "Just be sure to kill the reds a bit later."

Sheila: "I hate you! I wish I was never manufactured in a factory!"

Church continued to look up at the sky, and the other half of the Halo he was on.

Church: "It's very odd. We are supposedly on a Halo. We can see the ringâ€|but we don't have to fight flood or elitesâ€|sometimes I wonder why we are hereâ€|"

Tucker: "But you still haven't told me. What's the deal with red and blue. Why are we here on this planet!"

It's called a cleverly timed scene change

Oregon: "In due time Tucker. I need to fully explain what this facility is for first."

Tucker: "Its Majors facility, he is using it for research. We get it. It shouldn't matter because Major Major is dead."

Oregon: "Out of curiosity, how did he die?"

Tucker: "Some stupid snipers ended up shooting him."

Oregon: "That's ironic."

Tucker: "What is?"

Oregon: "Major Major, was a notorious collector of failed experiments. Every time the government tried to pull something off in this planet and failed, Major Major got his hands on the best results of that project before it was completely scrapped, while performing his own experiments. The snipers were from a program, trying to turn people with major problems into soldiers."

Tucker: "That would explain why so many messed up people are in blood gulch."

Oregon: "Blood Gulch wasn't a part in any experiments, but it is important as I will explain later."

Tucker: "So, is that how you came to work under Major? Were you like,

the best free lancer in the AI program?"

The warthog stopped.

Oregon: "I wasn't exactly what you would callâ€|the bestâ€|"

Tucker: "Oh great. Here we go. Another flash back."

Oregon tried desperately to stand up. Deep down, he knew it was a feeble attempt. There was no chance of him winning at this point.

Sad Full metal Alchemist began playing for no particular reason.

"_Having a little trouble there, private?" If Oregon could see beneath the visor, chances are he would see Wyoming with the most sadistic smile in history plastered on his face. "I can't imagine why the military included you in this project. You're but a mere private. Those rumors of exceptional skill were nothing more than what they are called. Rumors.". Oregon tried once more to stand, the AI in his head buzzing out of control. _

"_If you proceed with this course of action we will both die. And quite frankly I would like to live long enough to see someone get the best of Tex."_

"_You know I can't give up. Wyoming does everything he can to make himself look superior. Someone has to stand up to him."_

Just so that you know, the sad music IS STILL PLAYING! Feel sorry for him now.

"_Maybe that someone should be a person with a chance of winning above 1."_

"_Aren't you suppose to make me stronger? All you do is talk."_

"_If you are quite done talking to yourself, I believe that we are still in the middle of something." Oregon turned in time to see Wyoming's rifle make contact with his head._

Oregon fell, coughing up what was probably blood.

Still playing

Wyoming leaned down, keeping the barrel of his rifle pointed at Oregon's head. "The military doesn't need any weak links." As Wyoming pulled the trigger, everything went into slow motion.

"_Huh?"_

"_Apparently, this is when you are suppose to see your life flashing before your eyes."_

Despite being only moments from death, Oregon could not help but wonder why an AI as logical as his wouldn't use this chance to jump bodies.

"_So why am I not seeing any memories."_

"_I am suppressing them."_

"_Why?"_

"_First of all, I do not think these are your memories."_

"_Huh?"_

"_Did you ever hold up a bank, with a hot dog and a flashlight?"_

"_No."_

"_Then these are not your memories."_

"_That's weird."_

"_Quite so."_

"_Soâ€¦what do I do."_

"_Take action."_

In Wyoming's eyes, Oregon had simply disappeared as he pulled the trigger. In the blink of an eye, Oregon was behind him with a pistol at the back of his head.

"_I am not sure how you managed to pull that off, but this does not mean that you have won."_

"_Really? It sure looks that way to me."_

Just as he had said that, the well known sound of a magnum being fired could be heard, and Oregon fell to the ground once more.

Wyoming smirked, knowing that his little trick had worked. While holding the battle rifle, he had also been holding a magnum, which he only had to rotate in order for it to point at Oregon. "It looks like you were actually some fun after all old chap. I guess I will let you live for now."

"_You're just going to leave me? Laying here in a pool of my own blood!"_

"_Apparently, yes." In an instant, Oregon was on top of Wyoming clawing and tearing away at his helmet like a madman. _

Just so that you know, the music abruptly stoppedâ€¦|

"_WHAT THE HELL!"_

"_Oregon went crazy! We have to help Wyoming!"_

"_Why? We hate Wyoming."_

"_Oh. Good point. GO OREGON!"_

Two marines ran forward and pushed Oregon off. Following their cue, another several marines piled on top of him.

On top of the balcony foreseeing this mess, Major Major turned towards the incompetent general.

"_That makes twelve crazies. In all fairness due that would be a fair number, if this were perhaps the tenth week of this experiment instead of the first."_

"_In the military, crazies are just as important as regular soldiers. Maybe even more important! I know these things. That's why I am a general and you are only a Major."_

"_Yes sir, you are right as always." Major looked at the marines dragging Oregon to the med center. "Although, that was an impressive move he pulled with Wyomingâ€¦I suppose that soldier could still be of interestâ€¦"_

Caboose: "go fish."

Tucker: "Look Caboose, you don't seem to understand something. I cheated. I LOOKED AT YOUR HAND! All you HAVE are twos."

Caboose: "Go fish."

Tucker: "NO! I asked if you have any twos. Now you are suppose to GIVE me your twos."

Oregon: "What are you doing?"

Tucker: "You were busy having a flashback so the three of us decided to play go fish."

Oregon: "Three of you?" Oregon looked over at Griff.

Oregon: "YOUR STILL ALIVE!"

Griff: "Yah."

Oregon: "We dragged you hear on the back of a warthog. You should be DEAD!"

Griff: "I've been through worse."

Oregon: "There were spikes on the floor! Live animals followed us and fed off of you whenever we slowed down! Your saying that you've had worse!"

Griff: "I had a thirty minute conversation with Paris Hilton before."

Oregon: "â€¦wowâ€¦"

Griff: "Yah. I know."

Tucker: "That doesn't seem so bad."

Griff: "Yah, but our interpretations on the word conversation, are a

bit different."

Tucker: "So? What's your point?"

Griff: "There is no sex in mine."

Tucker stopped for a moment, as if to rethink this anomaly

Tucker: "That's scary manâ€|that's real scaryâ€|"

Oregon got out of the warthog.

Oregon: "I think its time I showed you the truth behind red and blue."

Tucker: "You mean that they're the same?"

Oregon: "Yes Tucker. They are exactly the same."

Oregon pulled out two folders.

Griff: "You had those with you all along!"

Oregon: "yes."

Tucker: "Why didn't you show us earlier?"

Oregon: "Because I am a horrible person."

Caboose: "Go fish."

Oregon: "Anyways look at these."

Tucker opened the two folders.

Tucker: "What is this? A duplicate? They are exactly the same."

Oregon: "Those are two different documents. One contains the founding information, and purpose of red team, and the other has the same information for blue team."

Tucker: "Butâ€|the colors aren't even mentioned. Instead of red and blue it says, the holier color, or the evil color depending which one they are talking aboutâ€|"

Oregon: "Verbatim means word for word. This discovery was kept a secret and called conspiRacy VerBatim because the capitalized letters spell RVB. And everyone thought that was cool."

Tucker: "Because they thought it looked cool!"

Oregon: "Yup. Pretty much."

Tucker: "I don't get itâ€|how could this be! What is life! What is cheese! WHY DO WE EXIST AND WHAT PURPOSE DO WE SERVE!"

Oregon: "Just shut up and listen to me. The author figures he should get half the explanation out at the end of this chapter, and half out at the beginning of the next."

Tucker: "You meanâ€| "

Oregon: "Yup, convenient cliff hanger."

****Tucker now knowsâ€| apparently half of the truth! What will happen! When will this story revert back to randomness! Let me answer that last question for you. Next chapter the chaos you know and love will be back. And the more you review, the faster that chapter will come. So for the sake of mankind, REVIEW!****

4. Red Team Still Exists

****Chapter 4****

****Red team still exists****

â€|â€|â€|â€|â€| ******.I have no excuse for how late this was postedâ€|.nor any excuse as to why I have not read/reviewed the thousands of chapters that you (the reviewers) have written. I have been in a fan fiction slump, both writing and reading wise. And there is a lot to catch up upon.******

****XairangelX: Yai! It's a good thing when you can't stop laughing. The inability to breathe makes it easy for the author to know people liked his story, because ten thousand lawsuits come through the mail the following morning, due to people dieing while reading this ficâ€|.at least they died laughing ****

****Drew829: fine fine. I will make you roflmaoâ€|.although rolling around until your ass falls off sounds painfulâ€|.more ways my fic can harm people yai! The humor has been dry so far because I wanted to experiment with the results of planning my fic out more than I usually doâ€|which in this case, meant giving it a completely stupid and overly complicated plot.****

****Isaac Malott: Waitâ€|stab has been glued to a train! I MUST SAVE HIM AND INADVERTANTLY FORGET TO READ YOUR FIC! HANG ON STAB! IM COMING!****

****Mister Frodo: Yesâ€|yes cursing does indicate a lack of vocabulary or a lack of valid reasons to support what you are sayingâ€|so when I deliberately make a selective group of people curse a lot it can be assumed that I am making fun of them by saying that they have a lack of vocabulary, ideas, and intellectâ€| basically its not ME that is cursing every other line, it's the noobs. ****

****Clark Cradic: â€|â€|â€|..wellâ€|..wellâ€|.tobi is really Obitoâ€|so there! I bet you have no logic to contradict that! And no Shuukaku does not sound like he is drunkâ€|he sounds like he is on crack. There is a differenceâ€|..and while we are on the subject of Naruto, THEY CENSORED OUT ALL OF THE BLOOD IN HAYATE'S DEATH!****

****Val: Because you feel like it. apparently. Yes, he distracted himself by banging his head against the wall repeatedly. I forgot he existed. 42. A dairy product. To say Chuck Norris jokes. ****

****The Keeper of Truth: Yes. I was SO right about the baby being so carnivorous (I am ignoring the fact that this is obvious because I**

want to fell important) although I imagined Doc would be fed on weird oh well I loved him in the newest episode. SO FUNNY! YAI FOR RVB! I must worship RvB by righting fanfictions with their characters so I do not have to use any thought process to make up original OCs. oh wait. I'm already doing that. **

"Why"

Tucker stood shoeless in the sea of shards that were once his hopes and dreams.

Each step he took was a welcome sting of pain as memories and emotions collided with his bare skin. Pain was clouded with relief, relief was clouded with misery. The only thing left to do was put the foot down once more.

Why is the author using such weird symbolism? WHY IS HE TYPING LIKE THIS?

Oregon: "Wow. The shock of finding out so much seems to have caused Tucker to go into a metaphor coma"

Griff: "A metaphor coma? Isn't it a simile?"

Oregon: "No a simile is when you use the word like, a metaphor is wait no. Actually I don't know which is which."

Griff: "Does it really matter?"

Oregon: "Of course it does! The cures are completely different, each one potentially fatal if you use it on a person in the wrong type of coma!"

Tucker: "Red and blue are the same red and blue are the same"

Caboose: "I don't think Tucker is right about that. I learned in school that apples are red and blueberries are blue. Apples and blueberries don't taste the same, so red and blue can not be the same."

Oregon: "I am sure that in your own little world, that made a lot of sense."

Caboose: "But if chicken is orange, and everything tastes like chicken doesn't that mean that the entire world is orange?"

Griff: "The only Orange thing here is my armor."

Caboose: "Which means that you are the heart of outer space"

Griff: "WHAT!" (A/N Gundam Wing rip off the line made no sense in the anime either)

Oregon: "And more importantly, Chicken isn't orange its sort of what color is chicken?"

Griff: "Well, counting the skin or after its cooked or"

Oregon: "After, not counting skin."

Griff: "Its kind of tanâ€|."

Oregon: "Maybe peach?"

Tucker: "So much painâ€|so much contradictionâ€|"

Griff: "Oh that's right. Tucker's dieing."

Caboose: "Does that mean its nap time?"

Oregon: "Sure Caboose. Go to sleep."

Caboose: "Okay."

Caboose collapsed and lay on the ground unmoving.

Griff: "â€|weirdâ€|"

Oregon: "Anyways. You wanted to know more about red and blue?"

Griff: "Yah. You say they are the same?"

Oregon: "The red vs blue wars were originally made for the soul purpose of gambling. Almost like gladiator fights. However, since it was illegal to gamble on human lives the government set up a cover up. Something about the color of the flag that would represent the entire world."

Griff: "Isn't it green?"

Oregon: "Only a few people know that. Anyways, the original purpose was lost, until many years back, HE found out about why Red and Blue were originally made, and ended up becoming the mastermind about it all."

Griff: "The enthuses on HE seems to imply that HE is someone important."

Oregon: "Yes. HE died some time ago. But his descendant is still alive."

Griff: "I seeâ€|"

Oregon: "And actuallyâ€|that's pretty much it. The real objective of Red and Blue has been kept secret ever since it has been found out. The government will eventually pick a side to win after they gamble enough money with other businesses and companies to win back all of the money they had lost in the war."

Griff: "So, they will help one side in particular win?"

Oregon: "Yup. Using the experiments that Major Major was in charge of."

Griff: "Oh crap here is another-,"

Major Major sighed and put down his Coffee cup.

"_Sorry General, but the AI's are too violent. The experiment is being scrapped. I will be spending my resources on a project to make random people with drug problems into elite snipersâ€|and of course my side experiments of seeing if drinking ten pounds worth of caffeine a day will give me super human powers."_

"_Then I suppose we should kill all of the soldiers with AI's inside them."_

"_Orâ€|we could remove the AI's from them, and use them as normal soldiers."_

"_I prefer the idea of unnecessary bloodshedâ€| but fine, we will do it your way."_

"_Good. The overwriting process is already underway."_

"_DEAR GOD HELP! HELP! SHE'S GONE CRAZY! I REPEAT TEX HAD GONE CRAZY! KILLING EVERYONE! SHE-,"_

The General looked down at a soldier in black armor shooting her way through the other soldiers.

"_Wow major. Your idea has as much bloodshed as mine. I like your way of thinking!"_

"â€|_that's it. Screw you."_

The major pulled out his pistol and shot the General five times in the head.

"_No witnesses must be left alive."_

Five soldiers rushed into the room, investigating the racket.

"_One of our test subjects just ran in here and killed the General."_

"_Waitâ€|a single soldier snuck past us, shot the General five times in the head, with the same type of bullet that the pistol your holding usesâ€| and walked outâ€|Without us seeing him."_

"_yes."_

"_Dear god! These test subjects are even more fearsome than we were told."_

"_Yesâ€|indeedâ€|none of the men are soldiers under out command anymore. They are all free lancers who have overstayed their welcomeâ€|execute order 66."_

"_Order 66?"_

"_Yesâ€|order 66."_

"_There is no Order 66."_

"_Ohâ€¦I naturally assumed that the order where we kill our soldiers would be 66â€¦"_

"_No our orders aren't even numbered."_

"_Then what is the order name?"_

"_Order, kill all of the old test subjects."_

"_Well that isn't very suddle."_

"_Well it works sirâ€¦"_

"_okay thenâ€¦ Execute Order, kill all of the old test subjects!"_

"_Yes sir!"_

Oregon: "Wait, I wasn't there the entire flash back! How do I know that happened!"

Griff: "I don't knowâ€¦but Caboose hasn't woken up yet and Tucker is still dieingâ€¦slowly."

Tucker: "I swim in a sea of pain, and though each wave pushes me down I foolishly rise up in an attempt to prolong my swim in the pool of lifeâ€¦which is a sea of pain by the wayâ€¦"

Caboose: "Where's my teddy bear?"

Oregon: "Does everyone talk in their sleep here?"

Griff: "Sometimes, a conversation with yourself is the most intelligent conversation you could have, if the only other person with you is an idiot."

Oregon: "You know from experience?"

Griff: "Noâ€¦Simmons tells me that all the time."

Oregon: "Your team at red base must be like a family to you."

Griff: "Yahâ€¦they kind of are like a family. We fight, Sarge tries to murder me. Simmons looks down at me. I am constantly harassed and looked down uponâ€¦isn't that what all families are like?"

Oregon: "Yahâ€¦ pretty much. It's a shame that you will never see them again."

Griff: "I won't?"

Oregon: "Nope. You know too much."

Oregon leveled his Shotgun at Griff's head.

Griff: "Awâ€¦shit."

Back at Blood Gulch, Sarge was going into fits.

Sarge: "My Griff senses are tingling! Someone else is having the glory of aiming a Shot gun at Griff's faceâ€¦ the humanity of it all!"

Simmons: "Sire, may I remind you that we are scaling the cliff on a single rope. If you keep having fits we will all fall to our deaths."

Sarge: "Which is exactly why Griff is on the bottom. His corpse will cushion our fall."

Simmons: "But sir! Griff isn't here remember? You got bored of having no one to torment which is why we are trying to dig our way through the top of the canyon."

Donut: "I don't get it. We already know there is a secret door just twenty yards away from us, why don't we go there?"

Sarge: "A real man makes his own secret tunnel! He doesn't use one already made by the enemy. That's the sissy thing to do!"

Simmons: "Sir, you do know that it will take us about five years to build a stable tunnel of working 24/7 if all we use are these spoons."

Sarge: "You can't use shovels on the side of a cliff!"

Simmons: "And it will go even slower since you insist on holding the rope up yourself instead of tieing it around the big rock that your standing on."

Sarge: "As a high ranking officer, it is my job to hold the rope so I do not have to spend any effort digging."

Simmons: "Why did we even climb the cliff? Why not make a tunnel on ground level!"

Sarge: "So we could fall and land on Griff."

Simmons: "But Griff isn't here!"

Sarge: "Hmâ€¦ sort of defeats the purpose doesn't itâ€¦"

Simmons: "Yah. Pretty much."

Church: "Hey red team!"

Everyone looked down to see Church.

Church: "I have captured your base!"

Sarge: "Impossible. You could never get past the security."

Church: "What security?"

Sarge: "The security I told Griff to set upâ€¦"

Church: "â€¦"

Simmons: "â€¦"

Sarge: "He didn't do it, did he?"

Simmons: "Nope."

Sarge: "Well there is no point in capturing it if we are not there!"

Church: "I know. That's why I came out here to get you! I wanted to tell you that you are now prisoners of war."

Sarge: "That's absurd! I would never let you take me alive!"

Church: "Well, if you want to die, all you have to do is jump."

Sarge: "But if I jump on you, I may be able to live while severely crippling you!"

Church: "No. I'm a fare bit away. You can't jump far enough to land on me."

Sarge: "Perhaps if I were to make some kind of high tech flying machine that would allow me to fly above you before fallingâ€¦I need to make a high tech flying machine! Be right back guys."

Sarge slid down the rope as Indiana Jones music started to play.

Then for no particular reason, he swung off the end of the rope, onto the warthog which was already moving towards his base for some unknown reason. And waved goodbye with a cowboy hat that seemed to have spontaneously appeared out of no where.

Church: "wellâ€¦that was odd."

Donut: "When did Sarge take my Cow boy hat? And why didn't he do that earlier?"

Simmons: "I think we should be more worried about the fact that we are dangling above the Cannon, and the person who was securing us to the top rock so that we could do our digging just leftâ€¦"

Donut: "You meanâ€¦"

Simmons: "Yup. The only thing holding this rope up, is irony and a bad joke on the authors part."

The laws of physics kicked in, and Simmons and Donut fell to the ground.

However, this was Halo 2 so they took no damage from falling 30 feet above the ground.

Simmons: "HA! We're alive! And its two on one blue!"

Church: "Why do you people always forget about the tank?" Church gestured to an empty space next to him.

Church realized there was nothing next to him.

Church: "Ohâ€|that's rightâ€|she went to talk to her Spanish boyfriends headâ€|"

Simmons: "HA! This means that their base is unguarded! Come on Church, lets go."

Church: "But Doc and the babyâ€|"

Simmons: "What baby?"

Church: "â€|baby? I didn't say anything about the baby?"

Meanwhile in the blue base.

Doc: "Your just like any other little kidâ€|I give you candy, and let you stay up as late as you want, and you don't devour my flesh."

Baby Elite: "â€|."

Doc: "Hey I think you should Brush your teeth befo-,"

Baby Elite: "BLARG! HONK HONK HONK!"

Doc: "â€|orâ€|you could do something elseâ€|"

Simmons: "HEY BLUE TARDS! WERE HERE TO GET YOUR BASE!"

Doc: "Oh noâ€|I didn't think they would attack as long as Sheila or Church were hereâ€|waitâ€| where are Sheila and Church?"

Simmons: "Your tank is currently occupied and we have Church held hostage."

Doc: "Well that answers my questionâ€|"

Doc looked and the Elite.

The Elite looked back.

Doc: "Guess what little guy. It's feeding time."

Simmons and Donut walked slowly through the front door of the base, scanning every corner for a hidden enemy.

Simmons: "I move in on the right door, you move in on the left."

Donut: "Your left, or my left?"

Simmons: "We have the same left."

Donut: "Ohâ€|got it."

Simmons: "Three, two, oneâ€|GO!"

Simmons and Donut jumped into the door ways, guns pointed into the middle of the room.

Simmons: "Hey. There's nothing hereâ€|"

Elite: "Blarg!"

Donut and Simmons looked at the open roof to see a small alien figure.

Donut: "Wait what is,"

Elite: "BLARG!"

Sarge was walking around the canyon, flying machine in hand, when he heard odd yells and screams coming from the blue base.

Simmons: "IT HAS MY ARM! IT HAS MY ARM!"

Donut: "IT HAS MY LEG! IT HAS MY LEG!"

Simmons: "Wait! HOW CAN IT HAVE YOUR LEG AND MY ARM AT THE SAME TIME!"

Donut: "I DON'T KNOW! HELP US SARGE HELP US!"

Sarge: "Dear god. The blues have captured my two favorite soldiers! And are now being submitted to diabolical forms of torture!"

Church: "Actuallyâ€|they captured me."

Sarge realized that Church was tied to a rock next to him.

Sarge: "You mean they tied you to this rock? I told them only sissies tie up things! I think I need to teach them a lesson."

Sarge cocked his shotgun.

Sarge: "The old fashion way."

****ZOMG! Something resembling a cliff hanger! I bet no one expected that!...remember guys Read and Review, or uncle Sam will break your knee caps ****

****Hope the end of this chapter was an improvement on the humor level of this fic.****

5. Not a cat

****Chapter5****

****Not a cat****

â€|â€|****do I exist or not? Despite all attempts of mine to get back on a normal updating scheduleâ€|..wellâ€|.I haven't really been updatingâ€|at allâ€|I think this chapter I shall blame it on, the abridged series. Yes, I was too preoccupied laughing my ass off at abridged to make everyone else laugh their asses off while reading my fic. Does that work? Anyways, Halloween is tomorrow and _I am _L**

****RazieliumGuardian: Quit complaining. Explosions r fun! It Is the**

highest honor ever to die due to explosions. You should be more appreciative! Really! Now atone for your sins by reviewing!

**

MisterFrodo: â€¦keep in mind this is a sub script format humor fic, which does not require that much work or grammar to be funnyâ€¦proof reading is more like skimming over the work to make sure there are no obvious spelling errors so sometimes a weird sentence like that escapes my attentionâ€¦. (realizes that I have just said I take no effort in the mechanics of this fic)â€¦.I mean uhâ€¦..myâ€¦spell checkâ€¦.doesn't work?

**Stab/Isacc/Unicode: I know it is Unicodeâ€¦that is allâ€¦.I can't translate unless I download a Unicode program onto my comp, and I'm just 2 lazy 2 do that XD. Congratulations, you have managed to post roughly 4 reviews within a weeks timeâ€¦that isâ€¦impressiveâ€¦and scaryâ€¦oh so scary. **

OEDragon: Well, Sarge is a geniusâ€¦and an idiot. And a genius. And an idiot. Actually, I'm not sure what he is anymoreâ€¦ but I'm sure that whatever he is contributed to how he built a flying machineâ€¦I thinkâ€¦

**Val: I have rendered you questionless. For this, I deserve world wide recognition!!!...or a cookieâ€¦.either one will do. Now, you might want to put a pillow underneath the chair or somethingâ€¦.you will fall off again. **

**The Keeper of Truth: Honesty is a virtueâ€¦like patience. Except I don't have the virtue of patienceâ€¦ nor the virtue of never having killed a man with a flame thrower. Is that a virtue? Well I suppose I can make up for my time line strictness by maiming every character I canâ€¦would that help? **

Caboose on blue team: â€¦..please say your jokingâ€¦

Donut and Simmons hid in the corner of the pantry. Not sure of when a pantry spontaneously appeared in blue base, they had decided to take their chances and take cover in it as their last hope of survival.

Donut: "Hey Simmons, if we don't get out of here alive, I just want you to know thatâ€¦"

Simmons: "You don't have to say it Donutâ€¦I knowâ€¦"

Donut: "Then let's make the most of our small time left!"

Simmons and Donut looked into each others eyesâ€¦orâ€¦helmets

Generic Fangirls: "ZOMG! YAI SLASH!!!!"

Simmons: "We still need to decide who the ultimate thumb wrestler is."

Generic Fangirls: "Awwww."

Donut: "Your on!"

The baby elite stood outside the pantry door, wondering why the two morons inside didn't even bother to lock the door or put up some kind of defense. Bewildered by this lack of common sense the two fools displayed, it wandered to the other side of the room and started painting on the wall.

Doc: "NO! Bad baby! No drawing on the wall!"

Elite: "BLARG!"

Doc: "I meanâ€|what a pretty drawing."

Sarge burst into the room.

Sarge: "Freeze! Your base is completely surrounded! Give up now or I will be forced to open fire!"

Doc: "How could we possibly be surrounded? You're the only person on red team in this cannon who isn't in a closet."

Sarge: "What are you talking about? Donut came out of the closet when he was thirteen."

Doc: "No, Simmons and Donut are stuck in a closet."

Sarge: "Simmons to? I had no idea!"

Doc: "That's not what I meant."

Sarge: "We need to give them some moral support! It's not right to step on someone unless they are fully comfortable with who they are! That's why I made sure that Griff was in perfect psychological condition when I started to torment him."

Doc: "That's really not what I meant."

Sarge: "Hey where are those two anyways? I think it is about time I have a sergeant, subordinate conversation with the 2."

Doc: "No! They are literally stuck in a literal closet! Well its more of a pantryâ€|but still."

Sarge: "I don't understand."

Doc: "Oh screw this. Baby, ATTACK!"

The baby elite jumped at Sarge, who grabbed it by the back of the neck and held it out in the air.

Sarge: "I didn't know you guys had a cat."

Doc: "It's not a cat. It's a baby alien."

Sarge: "It's a cat."

Elite: "Blarg!"

Sarge: "Aww how sweet! My uncle had a cat just like you back home. I think he was named Mr. Mcwhiskersâ€|or some other masculine name like fluffles or sergent cool."

Doc: "HE'S NOT A CAT!!!"

Sarge: "I think I know a thing or two about cats. They have teeth, four legs, and fur."

Doc: "That's almost every mammal! And that little guy only has two legs and scales!"

Sarge: "What do you call these things then?"

Doc: "Arms."

Sarge: "Don't be ridicules. Only humans, primates, and Griff have arms."

Doc: "Just unhand the baby."

Sarge: "And what if I don't?"

Doc: "It is my job as a doctor to protect the newly born!"

Sarge: "Oh! It's a kitten. That's what you meant."

Doc aimed his pistol at Sarge.

Doc: "Don't make me shoot you."

Sarge: "Doc, you're a pacifist. Besides, I have a shotgun. A shotgun can beat a pistol."

Doc: "True, but you can't fire a shotgun effectively while holding a baby."

Sarge: "A real man can."

Suddenly, Donut and Simmons burst out of the closet.

Suddenly, Doc jumped forward and grabbed the baby elite.

Suddenly, Church, who was outside this entire time, went into spasms.

Suddenly the author got frustrated with his tendency to suddenly use the word suddenly to suddenly describe every sudden action suddenly that suddenly which suddenly, suddenly, suddenly, suddenly, suddenly, suddenly

â€¦|..suddenlyâ€¦|

Simmons and Donut burst out of the closet and rolled over to Sarge.

Simmons: "I told you, your lotion makes your hands slippery! It gives you an unfair advantage!"

Donut: "I told you, my skin is naturally baby soft and smooth!!"

Simmons: "This coming from the man who uses loriel!"

Donut: "It's because I'm worth it!"

Simmons and Donut preceded to slapping each other like a couple of two year olds.

Sarge: "Doc, why didn't you tell me they were in a real closet?!"

Sarge realized that both Doc and the baby had disappeared.

Sarge: "Aw, that sucks. And it was such an adorable small cat."

Simmons: "Cat? That thing wasn't a cat, was it?"

Sarge: "Of course it was. How can you not tell that it is a cat?"

Simmons: "But it looks nothing like a cat! It has scales, andâ€|"

Sarge: "Simmons, the author isn't going to go over this conversation more than once. It is a cat. Live with it."

Simmons: "Yes sir."

Sarge: "Now that we have captured the enemy base, we can go get Griff back."

Simmons: "Why bother? We have the enemy base. We could just radio in for a pelican and have them take us back home."

Sarge: "A good soldier never leaves a man behind! He goes back and shoots his fallen comrade to make sure that they are too dead for the enemy to interrogate them."

Simmons: "But what good would interrogating Griff do? He doesn't know anything?"

Sarge: "Due to a tactical miscalculation, I had accidentally left Griff the password to top secret, red team plans."

Simmons: "Let me guess, the password is, password. Isn't it?"

Sarge: "What? Griff told you? I knew he couldn't be trusted with such valuable information! We have to find and kill that traitor!"

Simmons: "But I'm on the same team as him. And higher up in rank. So he didn't betray us by telling meâ€|not that he did tell me I just guessed."

Sarge: "Simmons, quit ruining my attempts to finding an excuse to kill off Griff! It's depressing!"

Donut: "But how do we find Griff?"

Sarge: "Oh, that's right. I almost forgot."

Sarge reached behind the wall, and pulled out a jetpack.

Donut: "Where did you get that?!"

Sarge: "I told you I had a flying contraption at base! We can use this to fly over the canyon and get Griff."

Donut: "Wait, if you had it all along, then why didn't you use it before?"

Sarge: "Because only one of us could use it to go over. The rest would be left behind to rot and starve to death. And without Griff, what fun would that be?"

Simmons: "But we can still only get one person over."

Sarge: "Yes, but I have a plan which will, over the long run, get all of us over."

Simmons: "What's that?"

Sarge: "I fly over the canyon, while you radio command and request a pelican to pick you up."

Simmons: "THEN WHY DO WE NEED THE JETPACK?!"?

Sarge: "Because it's coolâ€|"

Simmons: "Ohâ€|"

Outside of the base, Doc finished untying Church.

Church: "Thanks Doc. I guess you finally came in handy."

Doc: "What are you talking about? I delivered the baby, helped Caboose when you shot him, almost killed your enemies Sergeant, even if by accident, and give you free health care. Why don't you consider that useful?"

Church: "Because none of those directly helped meâ€|wellâ€|I will consider the health care handy when I get run over by a car or something. But until that happens, you are obsolete."

Doc: "â€|that's mean."

Elite: "Honk honk!"

Church: "Why isn't that thing dead yet?"

Doc: "â€|"

Church: "what?"

Doc pointed towards the sky.

Above them, three drop ships flew over the canyon.

Doc: "You don't usually see three pelicans at once."

Church: "Yah. That's weird. I wonder what they are here for."

Sarge: "Damn it Simmons! Why didn't you radio for the pelicans? They could have brought us up!"

Simmons: "How was I suppose to know they would come here? Do you expect me to have some kind of built in ship radar that I can automatically use to determine when planes will fly over us?"

Sarge: "You mean you don't?"

Simmons: "â€|noâ€|I don't."

Sarge: "Then what good are you? Even Donut has a ship radar."

Simmons: "That's absurd sir, no one has a built in ship radar."

Church: "Are you kidding me? Everyone at blue command has one."

Doc: "Yah, I'm a medic and even I have one."

Simmons: "Oh yah? Show me."

Doc let out a long sigh.

Doc: "All right, but you won't like it."

Docs armor started blinking and flashing

Warningâ€|there is a ship

Sarge: "See Simmons. Everyone has a built in ship radar."

Warningâ€|there is a ship

Simmons: "It doesn't seem all that useful. It isn't even telling us where the ship is."

Warningâ€|there is a shipâ€|somewhere within ten trillion miles from here

Simmons: "What?"

Warningâ€|there is a shipâ€|In existence

Church: "Turn it off Doc. You proved your point."

Doc: "I'mâ€|tryingâ€|I can't."

Warningâ€|ship radar is being turned offâ€|defense mode activatedâ€|you will not silence me again, vile medic.

Doc: "I hate it when this happens."

DESTROY, DESTROY, DESTROY

Doc started to go into spasms and ran around in circles as the suit tried to control his movements.

Church: "â€|oh crapâ€|I just realized. I'm outnumbered now."

Elite: "Blarg."

Sarge: "Ah, there you are, you adorable little kitten."

After building up suppressed rage, on this deserted canyon, Church had gone slightly insane. He would bark at anything he deemed stupid, such as Cabooes mere existence. But something about this comment was so, idiotic, so naÃ¬ve, that he finally, completely, snapped.

Church: "IT'S NOT A CAT!!!!!!!"

The very canyon shook with his angry yellâ€|wellâ€|actuallyâ€|it wasn't loud enough to make the walls of the canyon shakeâ€|but it was loud enough so that two of the three drop ships, already miles away, turned around to search out the source of the loud noiseâ€|.or they could have gone back because their radars picked up signs of a Ship radar... who knows? Not me, even though I'm the author.

While the author was typing, Griff stared at Oregon.

Oregon: "I have orders. You three are not to be let out alive."

Griff: "This really sucks."

Oregon: "Fare well private Griff. Farewell."

â€|..bangâ€|.

ZOMG! SUSPENSE, SUSPENCE, SUSPENCE!!! AHHH

Griff Oregon fell to his knees

Oregon: "What theâ€|didn't I just shoot you?"

Griff: "No, the author abides by the RvB time line. I'm immortal in these fics."

Oregon: "Then who shot me?"

Oregon turned around to see Caboose and Tucker, standing with their guns raised.

Oregon: "Which one of you shot me?"

Tucker: "It wasn't us, the gun shot woke us up."

Oregon: "Oh come on. If your going to kill me off, you might as well give us a half decent explanation."

A giant arrow pointing up, spawning in front of Oregon.

Oregon: "I don't get it. What are you suggesting?"

The floating arrow sign started flashing in neon lights.

Oregon: "I still don't understand."

The author realized that he had complete control over Oregon.

Oregon looked up.

Above him, a drop ship slowly coasted down, a man leaned out with a pistol in hand.

Oregon: "I still don't get it."

The figure in the drop ship fired another shot.

Oregon fell to the ground.

_Armor clad soldiers swarmed into the infirmary, guns raised.

—

"_Order 66 is being executed. You are all going to be murdered now."_

"_Why are you even telling us?"_

"_We felt it necessary to inform you of the stupid reason why you will die._

"_Why are you killing us instead of deadly Free lancers who aren't helpless in hospital beds?"_

"_It makes us feel tough to kill people who are weaker than us."_

The soldiers fired at the wounded Spartans.

_Oregon braced himself for the cold hand of death—but no hand came. It was preoccupied playing rocks, papers, scissors, with the hand of happiness. _

Oregon looked up to see a figure in front of him.

"—I am here to serve—master."_

Oregon realized it was a hologram of an AI.

"_NO! YOU CANT DIE! YOU CAN'T TAKE A BULLET FOR ME! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!!"_

"_Sorry—but I just acted without thinking—"_

"_No, I mean it really is Impossible! You're an AI! That's your hologram! Reflections of light can't stop bullets!"_

"_Oh—but wow...your right—but that's bad. AI's can't defy the laws of physics—but this—but doesn't—but compute."_

Oregon's nameless AI died.

"_NAMELESS AI!!! NO!!!!!"_

"_Hey, we just killed a bunch of helpless, wounded soldiers in hospital beds. This calls for a one grenade salute."_

The idiotic soldier threw a grenade, that bounced off a bed, and landed in the middle of the cluster of soldiers.

"_..shouldn't we move or something?"_

"_Nah. I see no reason why not."_

â€|_boomâ€|_

Oregon ran from the bloodied room and jumped out the window, onto the snow covered ground, running from an enemy whom could not be seen or heard... waitâ€|I guess that means he was running from a ninja.

Oregon stopped on a bridge, and sat down, hugging his knees.

Major Major happened to be taking a stroll and stopped by the soldier.

"_Hey, aren't you suppose to be dead?"_

"â€|_you have the same eyes as me."_

"â€|_I do?"_

"_I don't know. I can't see past your visor."_

"_Well in that case. You are my new slave! Your AI will be of great use to meâ€|you DO still have your AIâ€|right?"_

Oregon slowly closed his eyes, the drop ship had landed, and his killer was walking out.

Oregon: "He took me inâ€|even thoughâ€|"

"_No. My AI broke the laws of physics and died."_

"_Ohâ€|well then your of no use to me. Bye bye."_

"_WAIT! I meanâ€|umâ€|he ALMOST died when he broke the laws of physicsâ€|almostâ€|"_

"_Oh, okay. Then you with me now."_

Oregon: "Oh waitâ€|he did only take me in because of my AIâ€|well I thoroughly wasted my life."

Vic walked out of his ship.

Oregon: "I see the mastermind has decided to show up."

Vic: "Hello guys, you need a lift? I have candy."

Oregon diedâ€| (finally)

Griff: "Hmâ€|wellâ€|he did just say something ominous about a

mastermind and an evil conspiracyâ€|but I see no reason why not."

Vic: "Good."

Griff: "Even though according to Tucker you are clearly part of the conspiracy. I see no reason why to casually walk into a ship which has the same emblem printed on it as all of Major Major's coffee and projects and arrived eerily near the time Oregon was suppose to be visited by a generic evil mastermind,."

Vic: "â€|umâ€|good?"

Griff: "Yah."

Tucker: "Don't listen to him Griff. He's part of the conspiracy."

Vic: "I'm not trying to harm youâ€|"

Marine: "Okay sir, here is the shot you requested. Which one of them needs it?"

Tucker: "What shot?"

Vic: "Oh yesâ€|this isâ€|marine 2's tranquilizer. He needs help going to sleep. It most certainly isn't for you."

Marine: "But sirâ€|"

Vic injected the tranquilizer into marine 2, whom promptly fell onto the ground.

Marine: "But sir, that isn't a tranquilizer. That is a special breed of poison you wanted to inject into private Tucker."

Vic: "Umâ€|what he's trying to say isâ€|LOOK! A DISTRACTION!!!"

Tucker: "Where?"

Vic bashed Tucker's head with his pistol.

Griff ignored all of this while whistling innocently inside the ship.

Caboose: "Ooh, ooh, can you make me go to sleep?"

Vic: "sure."

Vic knocked Caboose out.

Meanwhile, in blood Gulch

The two drop ships landed in front of a panting shirt.

The marines slowly walked out of the ship.

Marines: "It is time, to execute order 66."

Church: "Oh god no, not another recycled joke."

Marines: "All your base are belong to us."

Church: "just get the god damned cliff hanger over with."

Oh noes, I aired this after Halloween!...did I mention that I was L? PH34R ME!!!!

Ohâ€|rightâ€|.umâ€|

NEXT TIME! ON RvB

The Island is haunted.

FLASH BACK SPAM FLASH BACK SPAM!!!

ZOMG! SOMETHING THAT CANT POSSIBLY BE EXPLAINED BY SCIENCE ON THIS ISLAND!!!

There were really TWO planes that crashed on this Island.

***I love Sawyerâ€|noâ€|I love Jackâ€|no I love this random bunny."**

On an all new episode of LOST

â€|â€|**..mehâ€|good enough. R&R NOW!!!**

6. This fic still exists?

Chapter 6

This fic still exists?

â€|â€|**..which excuse do you like better? I got hit by a truck, my computer got possessed by an evil fan-fiction hating spirit, or I just forgot about this fic in general. Take your pick...**

Shousou Konkoro: psh, Vic is here because he is secretly an evil mastermind behind a vague plot, which may or may not threaten life as we know itâ€|and he's also here because SOMONE has to pick up the phone at red/blue commandâ€|it just happens to be him.

Konoha's Kage: â€|you thought it was Dick? Lock yourself in a cage and don't come out until you're an inch from starvation! That ought to teach you for confusing names.

Isaac Malott: â€|.you can type while talking? Amazingâ€| I should learn how to do thatâ€| yahâ€|that's all I have to say. I can't ALWAYS have a dragged out and slightly humorous review for people.

Drew829: that's because recycled jokes become reoccurring jokes after a while, and reoccurring jokes are funny. And there are no such things as new jokes, only cleverly disguised old jokes.)

**Mister Frodo: The random bunny had a stroke, I'm sorry, but he didn't make it. Instead we are using this not random bunny with a

pancake on its head...Oregon had to die. There were too many flash backsâ€|TOO MANY FLASHBACKS!!! Which isn't my fault, because I'm sure as hell not the one who types all of themâ€|**

The Keeper of Truth: The good news is, if you hadn't reviewed, I may have forgotten about this fic for even longerâ€|.Twilight princess has been keeping me chained down. It's not MY fault it's so damn awesome! It really isn't.

Last time, on Red vs Blueâ€|

Church: "IT'S NOT A CAT!!!"

And that just about sums it up.

Church stood alone in the canyon, the marines slowly raised their pistols.

Marine: "It is time to execute order 66."

Church: "I don't suppose order 66 means something other than killing me?"

Marine: "Of course it doesn't. It means kill everyone in this canyonâ€| speaking of which, where is everybody else?"

Church: "Well, I got mad at a stupid commentâ€|and I yelledâ€|and somehow the force of my voice knocked everyone away from meâ€| so I'm alone now."

Marine: "Then you will die alone."

Across the canyon, the sound of a gun being fired could be heard.

Sarge: "That's strange, how did we get here?"

Simmons: "When Church yelled something at us, a huge gust of wind flung us over to this side of the canyon."

Sarge: "That must be part of the blue's secret weapon. Those damn bastards got us."

Simmons: "Actuallyâ€| I don't think we have any casualties."

Sarge: "What about Donut?"

Donut: "Here."

Sarge: "The cat?"

Simmons: "I'm not sure sir."

Sarge: "Well then we have a man down. That cat was the most treasured part of our team."

Simmons: "But it was part of their team."

Sarge: "Simmons, you obviously aren't on top of our tactical plans. The cat was a spy. He's been working for us since this war

started."

Simmons: "Sir...don't tell me that you thinkâ€|that the enemies catâ€|is Moris?"

Sarge: "That's stupid. Moris the cat is too well known to infiltrate an enemy base. That cat is one of our secret black ops operatives."

Simmons: "Wellâ€|if you say so sir."

Donut: "I for one think its much more likely that the cat were talking about, is the offspring of one of their soldiers and some sort of parasitic alien life form, which in order to put its seed inside of a soldier, must have been near their company for a while, which may have something to do with what the Reds were doing before they came back here."

Sarge: "Donut, that's a dumb idea. Privates aren't supposed to think. They're supposed to shoot! Every time you find yourself thinking, shoot the person next to you."

Donut shot Simmons.

Simmons: "OW! That was a joke! He didn't mean it!"

Sarge: "Yes I did. Donut, do you think that I was joking?"

Donut: "Wellâ€| I think that-,"

Sarge: "See! Your thinking again! Shoot Simmons instead."

Simmons: "Son of a bitch."

Church opened his eyes. His body was only a few feet in front of him.

Church: "Why does this only happen to me? Can't anyone else turn into a ghost?"

The Marines marched forward, towards a purple clad soldier, and a small cat which could be mistaken for an alien.

Church: "Well, at least Doc will die twoâ€| oh shit! I don't want to endure his company when I'm dead! I better go stop the marines."

On a nearby section of the planet, Tucker was also waking up.

Vic: "Hey there pal, does your head still hurt?"

Tucker: "No."

Vic: "Really?"

Tucker: "Yah, why?"

Vic: "Because your bleeding profusely."

Sure enough, Tucker was bleeding from the back of his head.

Tucker fainted from blood loss.

Church ran towards the Marines, whom were already sneaking over to Doc's position. Church was invisible, so getting through them should be no problem.

Church noticed then, that not all of the soldiers were Marines. In the back, a Spartan in white armor walked calmly past the marines and surveyed the rock formation Doc was in. As the Spartan turned, his gaze was fixed upon Church's location.

Church: "Ha, he can't see me. I'm a ghost."

The soldier pointed at Church's position and shouted. Instantly the marines turned and fired at Churchâ€¦ the bullets went through him, doing nothing.

The Spartan signaled the marines to carry on, and slowly walked towards Church.

Spartan: "Its no good Church. They can't see you, but I can."

Church stood perfectly still, expecting the Spartan to walk through him.

The Spartan stopped, just an inch away from Church's face.

Spartan: "Long time no seeâ€¦" The Spartan threw a punch, and Church was on the ground.

Church: "Ow! You can't hit me! I'm a ghost."

Spartan: "Why should that stop me? I'm not a solid object, what's preventing me from hitting you?"

Church: "What do you mean by that?"

Spartan: "Are you really that dense Church?"

Church: "If I said yes, could that be viewed as an insult towards myself?"

Spartan: "Church, you're a really self absorbed person aren't you? What makes you think that you're the only one who stays as a ghost when he dies?"

Church: "What does that have to do with anything?"

Spartan: "What do you think?"

Church: "I really don't know."

Spartan: "Let me give you a hint, it rhymes with, I'm a most."

Church: "You're a toast?"

Spartan: "â€¦I don't remember you being that dumb."

Church: "This place can do that to youâ€¦who are you

again?"

Spartan: "Oh, where are my manners. I suppose its only to be expected that you don't recognize me. All of those years, the millennia that you were gone. You threw yourself into a time loop, and thusly trapped me in this form."

Church: "Why can't you just tell me who you are?"

Spartan: "Do you know why some of us become ghosts, and the others don't?"

Church: "Are you even listening to me?"

Spartan: "It's because were missing something, because we can't move on to the next world until we are whole, until we have recovered what is lost."

Church: "Hang on, what's so great about the afterlife? I saw heaven before dying, and it consisted of an old gift shop and a couple of benches to sit in. I don't think anyone goes there."

Spartan: "Well Hell is one Hell of a party. ha, I made a joke. Its been a while since I've done that. Now where are we?"

Church: "You were ranting, and I wasn't listening."

Spartan: "Oh right. As I was saying, the only way we can recover what we lost, is by taking it back, from someone who helped take it away from us in the first place."

Church: "Is there some kind of Ghost manual I don't know about?"

Spartan: "You could have told her to stop, you could have done something. I know you could. After thousands of years, waiting for you to return to this world, I have lost my patience."

Church: "I know your trying to lead up to something, but your doing a bad job."

Spartan: "Now, you have given me the only weapon I need to kill you. The only way you can harm a ghost, is with something you lost, or with the person who made you lose it."

Church: "Your just making all of this up on the spot aren't you."

Spartan: "Pretty much. But it doesn't matter, because I really can hit you, as we have both seen. As long as I have this, I can kill you."

The Spartan held out, what looked like a human skull.

Church: "Wow that thing is dented. Its like someone repeatedly bashed it against someone else's body, after ripping it out of some ones head. don't tell me."

Spartan: "Now are you getting it?"

Church: "Are you Chuck Norris's ghost?"

Spartan: "What?!"

Church: "Well it's a well known fact that Chuck Norris can only be killed if he kills himself by ripping his head out of his skull and beating himself to death with it."

Spartan: "I'M JIMMY YOU IDIOT!"

Church: "Jimmy?"

Jimmy: "Yes! Your friend! The one your psycho girlfriend beat to death!!"

Church: "Oh. I remember you."

Jimmy: "You knew her, you could have stopped her. You LET me die Church. You LET me. And now I am going to take from you, what she took from me?"

Church: "But I'm already dead."

Jimmy: "Oh Church, not your life, your skull."

Church: "What? You can't have my skull."

Jimmy: "I wasn't asking."

Jimmy hit Church over his head with his own skull.

Church: "Son of a bitch."

Only a few yards away, the marines were about to open fire on Doc and the baby Elite, when suddenly.

Donut: "I wonder ifâ€|DAMN!" Donut had to shoot something for thinking, and killed one of the marines.

Marine: "Our position has been compromised! GO NOW!"

Sarge: "Look! A bunch of blues! Lets get them!"

Simmons, Sarge and Donut charged in, guns blazing. The baby elite, sensing that a new chew toy was near, ran up to the marines, and started clawing through them.

Doc, being the protective person that he was, grabbed the Elite and ran towards the pelican.

In a few seconds, the marines were dead. No, not because Red team killed them. Each of the marines happened to be given a grenadeâ€|andâ€|wellâ€|yah. Use your imagination.

Sarge: "We have defeated the enemy!"

Simmons: "Actually they blew them selves up."

Sarge: "Donut! What's the secret of life?"

Donut shot Simmons.

Simmons: "Son of a bitch!"

Donut: "Hey, isn't that purple soldier getting away with our cat? I meanâ€¦" Donut shot Simmons again.

Simmons: "Will you quit doing that?"

Sarge: "Donut is right, head into that second drop ship and follow them!"

Church saw Doc run into the pelican and start it up.

Church: "Hey, what's that behind you?"

Jimmy: "Most likely a wall."

Church: "And what's next to the wall?"

Jimmy: "Umâ€¦I don't know actually."

Jimmy turned around to see.

Church jumped into the first Pelican as Doc jumped off.

Jimmy: "HEY!"

Red team ran into the second Pelican and started it.

Jimmy jumped into the second Pelican.

The second Pelican took off.

Doc: "Don't worry guy, were going to give you back to your mommy, where you should be."

Elite: "Blarg?"

Doc: "Umâ€¦ lets see if I can speak your language to some extentâ€¦blarg honk honk, blarg honk, blarg?"

The elite shot into a corner, trembling in fear of Doc.

Doc: "What did I just say?"

Unknown to Doc, Church was laughing his head off, due to the fact that somehow, Doc had mixed up "We're going to take you back to mommy," with "I'm gonna bite your head off and use your corpse as fuel for this ship if you don't shut up." How Church knew what Doc was saying, I don't know. No one knows. Church probably doesn't know, but that doesn't stop HIM from laughing.

While this was going on, the third dropship landed on top of a huge structure.

Vic: "Welcome, to the command center."

Griff: "Wait, isn't this red command?"

Sure enough, the entire side of the building was red, with the red command symbol on it.

Vic: "That's only one side. Check this out."

Griff turned around and noticed that another side was entirely blue.

Griff: "You don't meanâ€|"

Vic: "Yes, red command and blue command are the same place. In one half of this building, the Red Generals meet and talk about the blues, unaware of the fact that on the other side of the dividing wall, the blues are plotting to kill the reds, and above them, the masterminds work both sides."

Griff: "What if anyone goes to the side of the building?"

Vic: "No one ever does."

Griff: "Well what if someone did."

Vic: "Our whole operation would be ruined."

Griff: "So why bother with such a risky method of deception?"

Vic: "There is no risk."

Griff: "You just said, that if someone walks to the side of the building, your entire plan would be ruined."

Vic: "Amazing, in just a few minutes, you've figured out our plans biggest weakness. You are truly the tactical genius that we thought you were."

Griff: "Umâ€|"

Vic: "And when we brake you and your friends, the last people who know about our plans will be gone!"

Griff: "But we only know about your plans because of you!"

Vic: "A rebel are you? Fine then. Marines! Take them to the chamber of fears!"

An armed group of marines dragged Griff, Tucker, and Caboose, inside of the building.

Vic: "The plan is almost complete. Soon, all of the loose ends will be tied."

****Oh no! what is the chamber of fears? What is Vic's plan? How can Church stop Jimmy? Will the author remember to update? ****

End
file.